

THE BYSTANDER



Liberian Free Lunchers.
Iaukea's Bad Breaks.
The Would-be Mayors.
Tom Fitch Coming.
Unlicensed Hoot Mens.
A Solemn Ceremony.

The parade of Uncle Remus and Brudder Jones from Liberia on the boulevards of Paris, with T. McCoon Stewart as major domo, the latter bearing the resounding title of "Acting Attorney General of the Republic," must give the Parisians some harmless fun. McCoon, since leaving Hawaii, has fairly ached for publicity and when he heard that the darkey statesmen from the fever coast had arrived, he hastened to connect with them. Uncle Remus and Brudder Jones were sadly in need of some one to look after their carpet-bags and tell them where to use their razors, between free lunches, on restaurant fried ham and watermelon; and McCoon was equally glad to acquire a title and a chance to show it where the world could see. So everybody was satisfied and the fun began, plug hats, rusty frock coats, red bandanas, wool slicked with pomatum and all the other et ceteras getting in their best looks. This traveling minstrel show even worked its way into the Elysee and the presence of the French executive and cabinet at dinner and once it appeared on the streets in an official carriage with a white man expiating his sins on the box.

There is nothing to beat this little venture on the whole free lunch route. You see, various European powers which have colonies near Liberia want that little chicken farm for the sake of its port. British Sierra Leone, on the north, wouldn't mind having the place annexed and the French interests in the Soudan back of it feel the same way. Of course the Germans are after anything in sight. So you can see what a picnic it is for the Liberian Remuses to go to Europe. Despite the fact that Liberia was established by the United States and populated by its negroes, the Liberians never visit Washington, where darkey diners-out are not greatly appreciated; they are cunning enough to go where the governments that want something out of them will solicit it through social attentions. Hence the present excursion. I'd give a small farm to have a kodak picture of the two old Uncles and their valet, the "Attorney General" and all hands and the cook, in the various stages of Elysee festivities. One can almost hear Madame Fallieres calling down the back stairs "Gaston! Gaston! Here zey com". Go queek an' lock ze chicken house." Down in the kitchen the housekeeper is getting out the plated spoons. On the front porch the tail of the palace cat is swelling and her back is getting arched. A gendarme comes hurrying up to see if the Liberians haven't got the wrong address. Then Uncle Remus begins bowing in the open door to a lackey in an embroidered coat and saying "Ahm glad to see you lookin' hearty Marse President" with McCoon hissing in his ear: "Sh! Sh! He isn't the President, Your Excellency, no suh!" "Shet you mouf' niggah or I'll fah you," responds Uncle, and so the show goes on.

Can't you hear the Liberian Excellency at the table of President Fallieres? "Ya-as Mistah Fullers, I see had de bellyache all de mawnin an' caint eat no more puffy-frogged, sah. Ah'd like it mightly, sah, if Mrs. Fullers woul' get me some fatted chickan an' cohn pone an' put a lil' molasses in the coffee."

"Shet up you Stewaht or I'll 'spose you to Mistah Fullers. If I wan' to use my toothbrush between coluses it's none of 'yo business."

"Ef 'yo don' mind Mistah Fullers, ah'll put some of this currant jell in mah' bandanner to take home to the ole woman. She's got 'er mouf for currant jell which do beat 'er cave. I'd brung her along but she's got the rheumatiz agin, an' she smells of linnymd so ah aint got no relish for mah meals."

"Stewaht! 'Yo' go to the front doah an' see if mah coon dog follered me heah. Ah mistook I heard him 'er scratchin' erwhile ago."

"Does yer have bedbugs in dis yere palace, Mistah Fullers? Ah declah to Gawd dat has' night every pahk of me was bitten but mah toenails."

"Thankee kindly, sah, ah'll take 'er chaw er terbacker now to get the taste of dat er cheese outen my mouf. Have some, sah. Ah raised it myself in the back pabber of mah official residence."

And then can't you see McCoon putting Uncle Remus and Brudder Jones on the street car and hurrying to the Kongo Club to write His Excellency, the President of France, saying that, in the whole course of his public career, and with a particularly wide experience among public men, being one himself and a former associate in politics of President Roosevelt, he had never before been so mortified as he had just been at table and that he trusted the affair might not take on an international significance.

The childish remarks of the Bulletin on the Promotion Committee suggest that the writer, in his intervals of thought, sucks his thumb.

The charges against Colonel Iaukea are of the most serious nature and would seem to warrant his early retirement from office and from politics. I am told that he has alienated the party machine by actually dropping from the payroll men for whose services there is no longer a public need. An offense like this cannot be condoned. It is an axiom of the machine that a question of need is first of all personal in politics and that if a man requires a job, an impersonal public need, which confesses that it does not exist, cannot fairly deprive him of it. This seems as clear as Colonel Knox's complexion. But I have by no means told the whole tale of transgression. I hear that the Sheriff is not careful to inquire, when he gets into a hack, whether or not the driver is a Democrat. A man who would do that has a bad heart and cannot be loyal to his party. Furthermore Iaukea has alienated the native vote, as I am credibly informed, by eating poi with a fork and the white vote by putting two of the little squad of white police employees off the force; while Chinese voters, now quite numerous, are disturbed at his meddlesome policy regarding innocent games. To cap the climax the Colonel goes along the streets like a man who is minding his own business, when, as everybody knows, he should be a "Hello, Bill," with his arm out like a pumphandle and his loose change jingling with eagerness to treat. With drawbacks like these, I see no chance at all for him. He is a back-number, he has lost the respect of his party and the confidence of his fellow citizens and the only thing that fits him is an exit.

Ten would-be mayors, running in a line,
Isenberg got out of breath, then there were nine.

Nine would-be mayors, each writing up a slate,
Lucas cussed the rest of 'em, then there were eight.

Eight would-be mayors, dreaming of their heaven,
Husface got gay fever and then there were seven.

Seven would-be mayors, putting up their tricks,
Lane was found out in his, then there were six.

Six would-be mayors thought they were alive,
Nagaran learned otherwise, then there were five.

Five would-be mayors, all setting up a roar,
Trent sold them policies, then there were four.

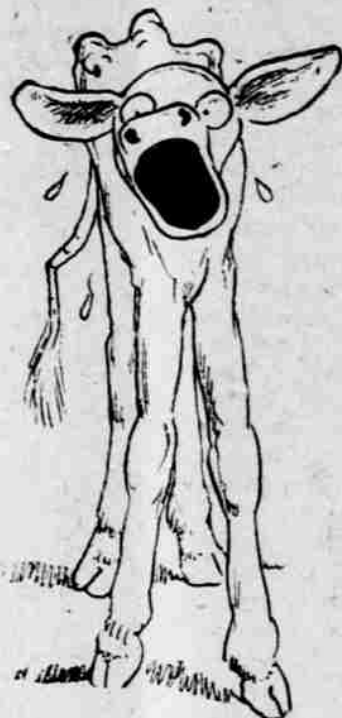
Four would-be mayors, scared right up a tree,
Achi took a tumble, then there were three.

Three would-be mayors, out in a canoe,
Fern fell overboard, then there were two.

Two would-be mayors, sitting in the sun,
Notley cracked open and then there was one

One would-be mayor, running all alone,
He was elected, then you heard him groan.

My honored friend Colonel Tom Fitch is again coming to live and die among us and incidentally look after that elusive sake fortune. He will open an office once more, and being the prince of Bohemian hosts, will probably open a good many other things. Having reinstituted my tailor shop on Merchant street with a full line of gents' pants to order, and limited accommodations for the Third House, I propose to get Fitch to join us. Kidwell is coming back to the old ring, which he proposes to call the Knockor Circle of the Hana-hana Art League and I am assured that Fred Turrill, being eligible since he got out of the station house to join any Knockor's society, will also resume. Three or four others will help me initiate Fitch and I have no doubt that, under this inspiration, The Bystander will not pine away. I can't be sure how long Fitch will stay but probably he will linger while the sake business holds out. I might add that he still has two old signs here, numbering 1511 and 1512 respectively of his collection. If Tom owned all his old signs he could, at the present price of lumber, retire on a competency.



"I'm a Booster, Ma-a."

"Weel, o' a' th' fule things. D'ye ken whot thot chiel Fennell eom fashing about yestermorn? He gar me sa muckle fey Ai eud scarcely kep fro cloppin him ain alongside th' lug f'r his gowkiness. 'D'ye ken thot Bobby Burns an' a' an' a' canna pit whuskey an' uskebaugh an' beer afore a body in Honolulu wi'out takin' out a license?' he speers. 'Hoot mon. Haud yer gab,' I sed. 'Ye blither like a bairn wha spies a Jum reekia'. 'Tis th' night o' a' night an' gin ye come fashin' an' palaverin' doon be th' Waverly Ha' th' lads wull skirl th' pipes in yer lugs 'till ye beg f'r muckle mairley. Gie oot yi ye or be Saint Andrew ye an' a' th' Boord o' Whuskey 'll sair greet afore we loose haud o' ye. D'ye think th' Thustle Club eud dance to th' pibroch or twa step fur th' sword dance on brew fra th' Nuuanu burn?'"

This is all I can remember of the conversation I overheard last night between two prominent members of the Scottish fraternity on their way to the Bobby Burns anniversary. I gathered from it that License Inspector Fennell had scented a blind pig possibility in the affair and had put in a word of warning. The other Scotchman gathered the same impression at the same time I did, for he stopped humming "Scots Wha Ha'e" and broke out into more "Hoots mon" and unprintable things about the Sassenach than I could follow.

Just think of a Bobby Burns celebration without the heather dew and the haggis. Edinburgh after Flodden would be a Floral Parade in comparison, while the Blue Bells of Scotland would ring a dirge. I fully agree with my Highland friend and beg to kokua each and everyone of his hoots.

I was a good deal interested in the ceremonial with which the formal action of the stockholders in ordering the Hawaiian Hotel closed, was invested. The guests were notified nearly twenty-four hours before, that the house would close, and the dining-room was actually closed twelve hours before the determination of the stockholders to close it was formed. The whole town knew all about it the day before. But the President of the Chamber of Commerce and the President of the Merchants' Association were called in, in a sort of representative capacity, it seemed, to know the news first and to be able to certify to the causes making it news. The whole thing illustrates our self-consciousness and insularity. We think the entire mainland is holding its breath for what may happen here. There seems to be an idea that the news that these hotels have been closed up temporarily will be sent right to Roosevelt and that he will drop everything until he hears all about it, and then that he will send a special message on the subject to Congress.

The truth is that hotels are opening and closing everywhere all over the country every day and it is a matter of absolutely no concern except in the community where it happens. I doubt whether any daily paper on the mainland will devote more than a line or two to the barest statement of the fact, if any of them even give that much space to it, except that probably one, here and there will make it the basis for some wild, weird, and apocryphal tales of Kalakaua dripping at the bar of the Royal Hawaiian with subjects and strangers, or sitting in a poker game in the card room with Bill Brash and others, when the stakes were so high they hit the ceiling, and Claus Spreckels won a sugar plantation on four jacks.

The truth is that the closing of these hotels concerns mighty few people on the mainland, and most of those to whom it is of the slightest interest are hotel men who will learn of it through the National Hotel Reporter or kindred papers devoted to hotel matters, where the news of it would get eventually if not a paper in Honolulu ever mentioned it.

The Sale of the Times

The Nation.

When a newspaper that has been called, with such a show of reason, "the foremost journal of the world," changes hands, the event has its light to cast upon the whole drift of the age. That the proprietor of the London Daily Express should acquire the Times, is much as if the owner of the New York Journal should purchase the Tribune. All the protestations that might be made could not persuade the public that radical alterations of policy and of method would not ensue. Indeed, under the old control, the Times had suffered many unfortunate changes in recent years. Financial stress had led it into various questionable enterprises. Its credulous acceptance of the Pigott forgeries was a fearful blow to both pocket and repute. Of late years, it has too often pursued a malign policy in international affairs. It was almost as much responsible for the Boer war as it was for the war in the Crimea. Towards Germany, it has persistently followed a nagging and inflammatory course. For these and other reasons, its influence had visibly declined, yet it retained a prestige not equalled by that of any other newspaper in existence. It was, in the first place, the favored means of publicity for the leading men of the time. If Carlyle or Swinburne had a letter to write to any newspaper, it was certain to be sent to the Times. Furthermore, the columns of the Times were a sort of refuge for the oppressed of other nations. Manifestoes from Egypt and Bulgaria and Macedonia and Montenegro were regularly sent to it. But its supreme reputation was won by its unexampled corps of foreign correspondents. Its readers might feel sure that, if anything of importance happened anywhere, the Times would be certain to have a correspondent on the spot to telegraph an intelligent account. Blowitz was a sort of unaccredited ambassador to France, and let the Times into many a secret of diplomacy. His securing for it in advance a copy of the Treaty of Berlin was one of the most famous "scoops" of newspaper history.

A PANIC VICTIM.

"What can I fetch you today, Mr. Millyuns?"
"Something cheap Oscar. Got any terrapin hash?"

Small Talks

GEORGE ROLPH—I think the price of sugar will range higher this year than it did last.

COL. SPALDING—The trouble with San Francisco is that it has never had any broad-gauge business men.

C. P. MORSE—The American-Hawaiian will do everything possible to foster the exportation of fresh pineapples.

CARL SMITH—Hilo is not so far out of the world that it doesn't enjoy the best things in the Bystander. Yes, I've heard it was Martin.

C. F. CHILLINGWORTH—When the people elected me to the Senate they expected me to serve them there for four years. I intend to do my duty to the people.

LINK M'CANDLESS—I think it shows a narrowness on the part of the Advertiser to seek to ridicule me for buying land, simply because I pasture calves on part of it.

C. B. HALL—The wind on Hawaii has been something frightful. It was particularly bad over the Kohala mountains and one wagon was blown over and completely demolished.

JAMES CARTY—We get a great deal better connections at Pawa junction from the King street to the Waialae cars now since cars are not held to connect with Liliha street.

W. H. HOWARD—I know a man who stands ready to give the whole of his McBryde holdings, about 150 shares, to anyone who will guarantee to bring 50,000 white laborers into the Territory.

E. K. BONINE—I have heard so much about the excellence of the Honolulu fire department that I am very anxious to get a series of moving pictures of it in action before I leave here.

EDITOR SHEBA—The Japanese are rather pleased than otherwise at the shutting off of further Japanese immigration to the Islands. They think that as a result the conditions of those already here will be bettered.

WILLIAM H. BAIRD—The Bobby Burns anniversary celebration was the best this year of any that I can remember in the city. There was nothing unseemly at any time during the evening and the attendance was the most representative of all the nations.

JUDGE DOLE—I am glad Governor Frear built a fire-place in his new home. It preserves a very admirable sentiment, and there are perhaps half a dozen days in the year when a little blaze in the fire-place—if doors and windows are kept open—is really cheerful and comforting.

A. W. EAMES—Things are getting better on the Pacific Coast. They have retired a good part of the clearing house certificates they issued. I am sorry now that I did not stay there a little longer. I could just as well as not; but I got homesick for Hawaii, and so came down on the Alameda.

MANAGER HERTSCHE—The tourist traffic of Southern California was greatly injured by the San Francisco earthquake, and of course we have suffered in sympathy. Two of the big hotels of Los Angeles were closed last year right in the middle of the season. They had something like thirty guests and accommodations for five hundred.

JOHN SMITH—Does anyone know where Bert Peterson is? He has been away more than two months now, and that skyscraper he was going to build on King street is being delayed. The financial flurry is blowing over on the mainland, so I don't see that his services are needed there any longer by J. Pierpont Morgan; and we need him here.

EUGENE BUFFANDEAU—People who want things from the Board of Supervisors without too much publicity, do not send in their communications now until just as the Board goes into session. They used to send them in during the intervals between meetings, and the newspapers published the facts regarding them, so that it was public long before the Board met.

WILLIAM SAVIDGE—People generally don't know it, but there are plenty of two dollar and a half gold pieces coined and the banks all have them. So it is quite possible to pay \$2887.50 in gold coin of the United States and make even change; and as a matter of fact I saw the actual payment made in the particular case where the possibility of it was questioned lately.

J. M. NASH—I have lived in a garrison town and my belief is that, when Honolulu is ringed with forts and its streets crowded with soldiers, the wealthy citizens will move over to the windward coast and build a villa town there. They will come into the city on a trolley line to do business but they won't keep their families here. A home city on the other side of Oahu would have a cooler climate than this one enjoys and be a fine place to live.

ALEXANDER YOUNG—Many years ago I was rambling back of Punch-bowl and saw a Portuguese milking a cow. Standing near was a calf, with the skin of another calf tied on its back. I asked about the extra skin and the Portuguese said it was to deceive the cow. She had lost her own calf, but the skin had been taken off the dead animal and put on the first calf that came handy. The cow didn't know the difference and the milking could proceed without a fuss.

The Honorable Allies

By C. B. Quincy.

Great merriment in Tokio; great glee in London town;
An honorable treaty joins the White Man and the Brown.
The worthy British Lion loves the worthy Rising Sun,
The red-rayed flag and Union Jack henceforth shall wave as one.
"Those jolly little Jappies," says the little British chap;
"Banzai to Mister Bull," exclaims the honorable Jap;
"We're pals from now, old fellow," says the worthy Johnny Bull;
Says the bowing little Brown Man, "Together now we pull."



The honorable Jap proclaimed he loved the open door,
But when he got Manchuria he opened it no more;
The honorable ally, now the treaty had been made,
Was very wrong in thinking he could share Manchurian trade;
And furthermore the Brown Man, having subsidized a fleet,
Ran the worthy P. & O. boats off their honorable beat;
While by gently cribbing trade-marks in his Oriental way
He showed the British makers competition wouldn't pay,
And to the British protests that were cabled without end
Said: "You wouldn't doubt the motives of an honorable friend!"



The honorable Briton, when the treaty had been signed,
Met an opportunity to show his friendly mind—
A bunch of worthy allies in Vancouver settled down,
Full of love and friendship for the worthy ally's town;
So up rose several Britons, and with honorable guns
Proceeded to shoot holes in the worthy Nippon's sons;
With honorable punches and with honorable jabs,
With gracious kicks and wallows and with gracious belts and stabs,
With worthy thumps and beatings and with honorable raps,
They showed their friendly feeling for the honorable Japs;
And when the sons of Nippon had received it in the neck
Their jolly allies made their stores an honorable wreck,
While the Japs that weren't injured all flourished friendly knives,
And in their honorable way took several Canuck lives.
And now to all the protests that Tokio can send,
London cables, "Can you doubt your Occidental friend?"

The elevated railway guard had resigned his position as an usher at the church. "It mixed me all up," he said. "When I was showing people into the pews on Sunday morning I'd tell 'em to step lively, and once or twice I started to take up a collection in the smoking car."—Chicago Tribune.